NEW YORK HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION, 280 BROADWAY; TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

Directors and officers: Frank A. Munsey, President; Ervin Wardman, Vice-President; Wm. T. Dewart, Treasurer; R. H. Titherington, Secretary.

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	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
By Mail, Postpaid.			
DAILY & SUNDAY	$12.00	$6.00	$1.00
DAILY only	10.00	5.00	.85
SUNDAY only	4.00	2.25	.40
SUNDAY only, Canada.	6.00	3.25	.55

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DAILY & SUNDAY	$26.00	$13.30	$2.40
DAILY only	18.00	9.00	1.50
SUNDAY only	9.75	5.12	.86

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THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1922.

The Irish Treaty Ratified.

Through the clouds of uncertainty that have hung over Ireland for a month the sun has broken at last. Acceptance by the Dail Eireann of the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland, negotiated with the British Government by the Griffith and Collins group, ends, in all human probability, the bitter contest that has raged for centuries.

The best thing about the ratification of the treaty is that public opinion in southern Ireland seems to be overwhelmingly behind it. The press, the clergy, the farmers, the business men and a great majority even of the Irish Republican army—the men who followed COLLINS in war—approve the agreement which establishes Ireland as a Free State, the equal in rank of Canada and Australia.

There may be discontent here and there, due to the activity of a comparatively few irreconcilables. But with the country behind the majority which GRIFFITH and COLLINS led in the Irish Parliament there can be no continuing warfare, for the dissenters will find small sympathy in the outer world.

Ireland's morning has come, and may she take advantage of it to the fullest!

What Won the Revolution.

That we should not have won the Revolutionary war had our country lacked a certain restricted area of limestone soil situated exactly where it lies is the interesting assertion made by Professor ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT of the historical department of Colorado College at the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the American Historical Association in St. Louis a few days ago.

In corroboration of this declaration Professor HULBERT calls as a witness GEORGE WASHINGTON himself. He quotes WASHINGTON as saying that but for the wheat raised on the interior belt of limestone formation reaching from Pennsylvania across Maryland and into the uplands of western Virginia the American armies could not have been fed and our fight for national independence could never have been won.

Tidewater Virginia's wheat was of small yield and unsatisfactory in quality. It ran too much to stalk and not enough to head. In the limestone region this condition was reversed. Wheat there ran heavily to head and was of excellent quality. Moreover, the region itself was sufficiently remote from the scene of hostilities to secure it from enemy visitation. New England wheat crops were good in quality but inadequate in quantity. The great dependable American granary in Revolutionary days was in the valleys and bottom lands of the mountainous regions of what then was the far west.

In this the country about Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, was in the lead. From its soil came fine cereal crops far in excess of the needs of the population.

To large areas of this grain producing country tidewater rivers were inaccessible. Other methods of transporting the grain to markets had to be devised. Hence it was that Pennsylvania, and notably Lancaster county, became the leader in development of the American transportation system. Our first macadamized road was the Lancaster turnpike. The first scientifically graded highway and the first canal of any length in this country were in the Keystone State. Then came Conestoga horses and that stanch inland cruiser the Conestoga wagon, which did so much to hold the star of American empire to its westward course.

Long before the Revolution migration westward was in progress. It followed the limestone soil belt across Maryland, up the rich Virginia valleys to middle and southern Ohio, and to the superb blue grass regions of Kentucky. Then came the post-Revolution migration across New York and western Pennsylvania to Ohio and the prairie of what is now the Middle West. Soil and vegetation were the guiding trails into the wilderness. "The careful study of soil and vegetation," said Professor HULBERT, "would lead to rewriting much of our pioneer history."

Great Work of the Conference.

The Conference is doing great work and fast work in its closing days. Its five Power agreement on the submarine is a real achievement in view of the bitter opposition to Mr. ROOT's original proposal for treating the submarine as a pirate when it disregards the rules of civilized nations concerning the lives of neutrals and non-combatants. France, Japan and Italy opposed it; England and America alone were for it.

Then Mr. ROOT so revised his proposal that it was unanimously adopted by England, France, Italy, Japan and America, the five big Powers. The revised draft is not so good as the original. It is milder and carries less terror with it. But with five nations accepting it, pledging themselves to it, it is better than the original draft with only two nations for it and three nations against it. England and America, and Mr. ROOT in particular, are justly to be congratulated on working out and getting through so good a compromise in the situation.

But not content with this compromise, Mr. ROOT again vigorously attacked the submarine on Friday with a resolution whose provisions are the most sweeping yet. This resolution constitutes the submarine a pirate alike when it destroys commerce and disregards the rules of civilized nations concerning the lives of neutrals and non-combatants. It has already had the indorsement in full of the committee on naval affairs and will, it is confidently believed, be unanimously adopted by all five nations, in which case the restrictions on the submarine will be even greater than in the first Root resolution, against which France, Italy and Japan stook a strong stand.

The man on the outside of the Conference will wonder at this procedure, puzzled as to why the Root resolution in its entirety was more objectionable than the same idea served up serially. But this is of no consequence. The important thing is the greater safety that will come to civilians and commerce on the high seas in time of war because of Mr. ROOT's wise initiative if the Conference gives its final and full indorsement, as in all probability it will.

In spite of the fact that we do not indorse the action of the Conference in its retention of the submarine for any purpose, since it is to be retained for the present at least, the Root provision for holding it in check in its murderous, run amuck freedom is most important. From the opening of the Conference THE NEW YORK HERALD has consistently and persistently contended for, and fought for, its elimination altogether. The submarine is a cowardly, sneaking outlaw that has no place in decent, honorable warfare. Apart from England none of the nations in the Conference, not even America, was willing to denounce it for what it is and insist that it be obliterated.

The fight of THE NEW YORK HERALD for the obliteration of the submarine and the fight of England for the obliteration of the submarine, though failing in its complete object, nevertheless has been very much worth while in that it has given us the drastic Root resolutions.

But of vastly greater importance is the action of the five Powers yesterday approving another sweeping Root resolution, which prohibits in toto the use of poison gas in any way, shape or manner in warfare.

Except for the final elimination of the submarine and the elimination of the bombing airplane, which at this writing is scheduled to be dealt with at another time, the Washington Conference has done an incomparable service in its action with regard to these horrible outlaw menaces to humanity.

The most venomous teeth of the least of these, the submarine, have been drawn; the next in the scope of its hellish atrocities, poison gas, has been kicked off the earth, with nobody to speak so much as a single word in its defense; the worst of these, the bombing airplane, with no parallel in all the world in its possibilities for human terror and human destruction, must go. With its elimination and the elimination of the submarine and poison gas soldiers and sailors will again have a chance for their lives, and warfare, so long as we must have it, will return to accepted practices. With the prohibition of the bombing airplane, cities and towns will be relieved of the most horrible menace that ever destroyed human life.

Let the Washington Conference complete its work. Away with the bombing airplane!

Fox Farming as an Industry.

Fox farming, which has long been carried on in Canada, is being more extensively practiced along the northern border of the United States. It is estimated by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture that there are now owned in this country 15,000 individual specimens of the silver and black types, which command high prices.

Prince Edward Island is the chief center of the fox farming industry in Canada. While many of the foxes raised there are killed for their hides at the end of eighteen months, many others are sold for breeding purposes at prices which surprise those not familiar with conditions in the industry. A good pair of breeding foxes are worth from $2,000 to $3,000, while individual skins may bring from $250 to $600.

Each pair of foxes raises one family a year. Litters will run from a single individual to as many as ten; the average is five or six. Great care must be exercised when the whelps are a few weeks old, as they are susceptible to much the same ailments as puppies at the same stage of their development.

Cold weather is necessary for the proper development of the fur; the animals produce a pelt in keeping with the climate in which they are reared. Silver foxes vary in color from those entirely of a silver hue to jet black with a few white or silver hairs on the back or rump.

Importations of foxes can be made only through certain ports of entry into the United States, fox quarantines having been established by the Federal authorities at Calais, Maine, and Rouses Point, in this State. The Biological Survey's report advises persons thinking of establishing fox farms to begin in a small way and to master the difficulties presented by the industry before investing money in it on a large scale.

Job Hedges's Greatest Joke on the Public.

Of course it is not a matter of record that JOB HEDGES ever vowed that he would not marry. However, the public assumed it. He was the bachelor of bachelors. His evenings, which in the case of a married man are dedicated at least in part to the fireside, have been devoted these many years to the enlightenment and enlivenment of the public and its affairs. Mr. HEDGES has been in demand, longer than the younger generation can remember, at every feast which needed the Hedges mixture of wisdom and humor.

What would life in New York have been these last twenty or thirty years without the post-prandial services of JOB HEDGES and CHAUNCEY DEPEW and SIMEON FORD? But of these JOB was the most patient, reliable and enduring. He was the first to be called out under the after dinner draft act, bachelor that he was. Into the banquet field with him, to act as a shock trooper or to mop up the bored feeling left by previous speakers! He never claimed exemption. In he went, hurling his grenades of common sense, his delicious philosophy and celestial irony.

The Hon. JOB has been (mark the tense) a jester. That is, he has told the public disagreeable truths about itself and it has laughed as men always laugh when they are caught in the act of doing something foolish. But nobody expected that he would one day stagger the same adoring public by telling it an agreeable truth about himself—that he was about to leave the ranks of the bachelors. Yet all who like him—which is the same as saying all who know him—will congratulate him. And some lesser stars in the field of oratory may grin in anticipation of the disappearance of this Betelgeuse from the orators' heaven.

If envy ever burned in the feminine heart there would be a conflagration over the news; for remarkable indeed must be the accomplishments of her who lures JOB HEDGES from the tradition of singleness.

Actors Fail as Managers.

There undoubtedly exists in the situation of the theaters to-day enough to worry their people. Much of the business of amusements is said to be conducted now at a financial loss. The public is buying, but buying so cautiously that enterprise is restricted. There is money in plenty for the best. Indeed, there is enough of it to make the most expensive productions profitable as long as they appeal to the public. Opera has always been regarded as the most luxurious form of public entertainment. Yet the Metropolitan has never known a more prosperous season than it is now enjoying. Half a dozen theaters are now drawing receipts which ten years ago would have supported twice as many theaters.

But the general condition of the theater is such as to suggest various means of improvement. One of these was the formation of a company of well known actors, who took a theater and announced a cooperative season of indefinite length. Nobody suspected in advance that the activities of the organization would end after a week. Noted names were on the first program, a famous play was presented and a new and commodious playhouse was the home of the company. But failure was swift.

Observers who devote their time to deploring the evils, artistic and commercial, which they assert menace the theater have long urged the actors to take matters into their own hands. In greater control of the artistic departments of the theater by the players prosperity was declared to lie. Economic as well as artistic simplification has been pointed out as a recommendation to such a course. It was not until this company was formed that the experiment of actors working in cooperation was actually made.

Any organization which cannot last more than a week will be termed a wretched failure. Lack of capital must of course be urged as the first cause of this smashup. If public support is not quickly forthcoming to a theatrical enterprise lacking large capital reserve the shutters must go up. But other factors require consideration. Did the public feel any reluctance to support an organization composed entirely of actors? Would the name of a well known and trusted impresario have made the experiment profitable? There must have been some reason why these popular players who had formed a commonwealth for the benefit of themselves and the public were unable to carry out the plan.

Probably the nature of the organization had little or nothing to do with its fate. It is in all probability true that the public cared nothing about the peculiarities of the makeup of the new company. Whether it was an association of players or an ordinary production by a commercial manager is a matter about which most playgoers were doubtless ignorant. As to the business of amusements, they are probably more ignorant and just as indifferent.

If this union of the actors met with failure it was because it did not respond to any public demand in the theater. The playgoers were indifferent to the drama it offered or to the actors or to both. There is no ground for believing that its constitution had the least influence on its fate. There is only one question in the theater patron's mind when he is choosing a play to attend: Is he going to get his money's worth from it? The answer to that inquiry decides him.

A Well Deserved Punishment.

Justice was not slow in the case of the man who, searching for cheap notoriety, staged a fox hunt at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue Tuesday. Yesterday he was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court, convicted on a charge of cruelty to animals—the fox suffered a broken leg in the chase—and sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and suffer imprisonment for two days.

This was the fitting conclusion of a prosecution which arose from as mean a piece of cruelty to a dumb animal as has lately come to public notice. The perpetrator of the deed could offer no excuse based on rage suddenly aroused or on the contention that he acted in thoughtless haste. His conduct was carefully planned and his plan was deliberately executed. His motive was gain. He sought free advertising; he has paid highly for advertising of a kind; but it is the kind even he would pay high to avoid.

Frequently in cases of cruelty to animals it is impossible to bring the offense home legally to the guilty man. It is refreshing to find that when guilt can be established there is a way to inflict merited punishment on the culprit.

Westchester's Country Club.

With a country club established in every ambitious community nowadays it is difficult to realize that that popular institution is less than fifty years old in the United States and that the Westchester organization which lost its home by fire last Monday afternoon was the pioneer in the movement toward capitalizing the outdoors.

The Country Club of Westchester County was organized in the late '70s and its first home was at Bartow. GEORGE WORK, FOXHALL P. KEENE, THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JOHN E. COWDIN, J. D. CHEEVER, STANLEY MORTIMER, HARRY MORRIS, HARRY HARWOOD and SWAN LATROBE, among the best horsemen of their day, were some of its members. They were often seen at Bartow in rivalry with the Penistons, ALECK SHIELDS and others from Canada.

After the club moved in the early '80s to the home it has just lost, near Throggs Neck, it became a center of social activity. J. M. WATERBURY, its president, was the leader in a campaign of gayety which culminated in the well remembered amateur circus held at Pleasaunce, his country home near by. This fête, which was planned to surpass in magnificence the entertainment of a similar character given by the Duc DE MORNY in Paris, took place on the private tennis court on May 4, 1889, and the performers were among the most conspicuous of the younger members of New York society.

While the destruction of the clubhouse is to be deplored, the greatest loss, in the opinion of sportsmen, is through the burning of the trophies which recorded the triumphs of members of the organization.

Miss ANNA D. WILLIAMS of Philadelphia, a distinguished kindergartner, is disclosed as the lady who posed for the head on the silver dollar which has just been supplanted in the coinage. She takes calmly the substitution of another design for that her profile adorns. Probably she is familiar with O. Henry's tale of the girl who looked like Miss Liberty and thereby fell into temporary luxury; Miss WILLIAMS is fortunate that her life work has provided something more interesting for her to think about than the sentiments her fine features on the dollar inspire in some minds.

Fire Menaces Block in Midland Beach.—*Headline.*

Something politically more destructive menaces a certain bloc in Washington.

An A B C.

A is for Auto,
A '22 model,
A car of perfection
You don't have to coddle.

B is for Budget,
Whose figures so solemn
Allow not a pleasure
To enter the column.

C is for Checkbook,
Now who would have thought it?
It shows notwithstanding
You went out and bought it

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

Canticles of January.

I.—AFTER THE ICE STORM.

Cold, translucent daybreak, after the night of driven sleet;
Bitter clouds flying before the pomp of dawn,
And the world of sun-smitten ice aflame with splendor!
Ah, tremor of the myriad ice-sheathed branches along this forest-border, in the passionate purity of light—
How shall I endure your glory?
Dazzling, wind-shaken spectrum fires of the tinkling crystal—crimson, orange, emerald and blade-blue—
You must be the glittering débris from some supernal collision of wheeling rainbows
High above the pellucid founts of the morning.

II.—THE REFULGENT DARK.

The sun sets among rose-purple clouds blazing all about their borders with orange-gold.
And then the night!
Resplendent in jeweled majesty of the winter constellations flashing from the fathomless blue-black vault.
What an arch for the setting of this snow-battle,
Where the choir boys have raced from rehearsal into the tingling cold!
The cakes of the brittle crust that they fling burst into glistening powder when they strike,
To melt against the cheeks and throats aglow with gayety of their warfare,
While the shouting and laughter seem to chime against the silver bells of the very stars themselves.
O ye nights of January,
"Bless ye the Lord,
"Praise Him and magnify Him forever!"

ELIOT WHITE.

Elusive Art Treasures.

Romantic Tale of Two Rembrandts Saved From the Bolsheviki.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Two Rembrandt pictures, the portraits of a man and of a woman, the delight but also the despair of art critics because of their temperamental way of appearing and disappearing, have finally landed in the collection of Joseph E. Widener.

These pictures for many years were hidden in the galleries of Prince Youssoupoff, an eccentric Russian nobleman, who only displayed his pictures to persons of rank equal to his own. This reduced the number of visitors to his gallery to himself, the Czar and one or two others, some of whom knew too little about art to identify the pictures.

The present Prince Youssoupoff managed to hide a few art treasures about Petrograd when the Bolsheviki confiscated his palace. But most of his valuables were hidden in a secret vault under the ballroom floor. The one servant who knew of this hiding place disclosed it to the Bolsheviki. The two Rembrandts, however, were saved, and were smuggled out of Russia aboard a British cruiser.

Only recently art critics were excited over a contradiction between the assertion that Mr. Widener had bought the pictures and that of Prince Youssoupoff that he had not sold them. The truth of the matter was that a London banker had negotiated the deal. Now that the man and the woman are to have appropriate accommodations in Philadelphia it is presumed that they will remain quiet for a few years.

NEW YORK, January 7. STUDENT.

The Unlocked Door.

A Hudson Tube Incident Shows How Testimony May Conflict.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: On January 5 at 6:30 P. M. I took a Hudson tube train at Thirty-third street and Broadway for the Erie station. Due to some block or delay there was an unusually large crowd waiting to board this train and I found myself at the extreme rear end of the rear coach.

Just after the train left Thirty-third street the conductor came to the rear door, unlocked it and made some change in his signal lights on the rear of the train. He then pushed the door to, turned the key in the lock, removed the key, shook the door to make certain that it was locked and returned to his station at the front of the end car.

The train proceeded to the Erie station and a gentleman standing beside me braced himself by holding to the handle of the door. Just before entering the Erie station the train gave a lurch rounding the curve and the door which we had seen locked flew open.

Now suppose a case. If that door had flown open not at the Erie station but on the curve before the Grove street station the man who had been holding the door might have been projected onto the tracks and injured. Had I heard of this I would have felt impelled in the interests of justice to go on the stand and swear that the door was locked and that I had seen it done in spite of the fact that the door was not locked.

Many of us at one time or another serve on juries where there is conflicting testimony such as would have occurred in the case supposed. I incline to the belief that the testimony of one man to the fact that the door flew open is equal to the testimony of any two men that the door was locked.

F. R. FELAND.

NUTLEY, N. J., January 7.

Mechanics Who Want Work.

The Question of Wages and of Interference by Unions.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In a letter printed in your paper "Reader" says there are many building mechanics out of work who would be glad to work for moderate wages doing repairs and the like.

I wish to ask "Reader" what he and they would call moderate wages. Also, does he think they would give a fair day's work when, in their opinion, they were being scandalously underpaid? If they loafed on the job there would be no economy in employing them. Again, how long does "Reader" think the builders union would permit them to work? They would all be liable to get beaten up as soon as they were found at work. Does not "Reader" know that men are no longer allowed to accept work as they choose and that the law no longer protects them when at the work they choose? J. R.

ROSLYN, January 7.

Nothing New.

Knicker—Ford is reported to think of making cars of cotton.
Bocker—Well, every one cottons to a car.

Arkansas Philosophy.

From the Nevada County Picayune.

Some people seem to think that the boll weevils, hoboes, bums, tramps and old bachelors are a nuisance to any community. Please remember that the Bible says all things work together for good.

New York in the Good Old Times

An Optimist Compares Life in the City of Sixty Years Ago With the Improved Conditions of To-day.

It is not surprising some of your correspondents hold that the old times were far better than the present, while others maintain a contrary opinion. The truth is we have gained in some things, in many things, and we have lost in others.

Conditions surrounding housing and transit, at least so far as poor persons are concerned, have very much improved. The present generation has no appreciation of the squalid and unsanitary condition of the rear tenements of fifty years ago or of the horrors of the shanty towns where the squatters resided. These dotted the city in a dozen or more locations, on the upper East Side and the upper West Side and in Harlem. Thousands of men, women and children, with goats and possibly pigs, lived huddled in the rudest shacks, patched over with discarded tin roofing and burlap.

In my boyhood days there was no systematic street cleaning or waste rubbish collection, aside from the fashionable sections of Fifth avenue and the squares, Washington, Madison and Union, and Murray Hill. Many householders as late as the '50s combined and paid to have their streets cleaned.

In looking back I wonder why the city was not afflicted by pestilence more often. As it was, we had recurrent epidemics of typhoid fever and diphtheria, and I can well recall two scourges of yellow fever and I think three of smallpox. In years I have not seen the face of a native New Yorker pitted with smallpox, which was a common spectacle in my boyhood.

Few persons in those days, even among the wealthy, indulged in the now almost universal practice of a daily bath. In many fine residences there was no running water above the first floor. Saturday night was tub night; portable tubs were used and water was carried up stairs in buckets.

It is not pleasant for a man of my years to be jostled and jammed in a crowd or to hang on to the end of a strap in an elevated or subway car, but I fairly lose patience when I hear the young men and women of to-day complain of this phase of the transit problem. Now we have clean, well lighted cars running at frequent intervals. Fifty years ago we were crowded just as we are crowded now, into dimly lighted, evil smelling horse drawn cars, or we risked life and limb in bounding, plunging omnibuses or stages.

In winter the floors of these vehicles were covered with straw, muddy, sloppy and ill smelling. And it was pitiful to see the struggles of the poor horses in dragging these overcrowded conveyances. It was harder upon the dumb animals in summer than in winter, and on one hot summer evening I recall seeing seven dead horses in the street on a ride in a Third avenue car from City Hall to Yorkville.

The present generation of New Yorkers snarl over the slightest delay in a trip to Harlem or beyond. What would they think of it if they had to make the journey by boat? And yet that is what many of us did from choice forty or fifty years ago. I remember the boats well; they were the Sylvan Dell, Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Grove, Sylvan Shore and perhaps one or two other Sylvan things. They started from Peck Slip, adjoining Fulton Ferry, and conveyed their passengers to Harlem Bridge. Smaller boats plied the Harlem River to High Bridge and Spuyten Duyvil.

The stages were frequently stalled for hours together in the traffic jams and men and women had often to complete their journeys on foot. The only pleasant memories I have of a Broadway stage was when as a lad I mustered sufficient courage to imitate my mates, climb up on top and sit by the driver. It required an acrobat to climb up and a lot of endurance to cling to one's elevated perch, but it was a fine experience for a boy.

New York was badly lighted at night; the streets were often muddy and dirty and the main thoroughfares were disfigured by unsightly telegraph poles and strands of telegraph wire. It is my impression that the poles on Broadway carried as many as 120 wires. There were no telephone or electric light wires, for we had no telephones and no electric illumination.

I do not believe the morals of the city were any worse then than now, but vice was more openly paraded then than it is to-day. The town was wide open. Up town such resorts as the Cremorne Garden, the Newport and at a later date the Haymarket turned out defaulters, thieves and outcasts.

I am not among those who believe the city is perfect to-day, but I see the lower forms of vice less openly flaunted now than forty or fifty years ago. There were fewer holdups perhaps of the type we read of to-day, but proportionately to the size of the city I believe there were fully as many murders. The Nathan murder in Twenty-third street did not attract the widespread interest that attached to it because murders were few and far between but because of the prominence of the victim in the business and religious life of the city and because of the suggestion that the murderer was a member of his own household. There were many shocking murders in the old days, and I well recall that after a singularly brutal killing in Fourth avenue, long known as the car hook murder, the murderer, who had a political pull, made the statement that "hanging is played out in New York."

In some respects I think we had proportionately more good restaurants then than now. Delmonico's in its prime has never been excelled, and there were Solari's in University place, Sieghortner's in Lafayette place, and the Maison Dorée in Fourteenth street—the latter a rival of Delmonico's. The old places in which you could get delicious fish and oysters and the old time chop houses were vastly better, in my opinion, than anything we have to-day. Though I know this city from end to end and have known it for sixty years, I do not know a single place to-day where I can get oysters as deliciously cooked as they were in some of the restaurants in Fulton Market or some of the oyster bays uptown half a century ago, and since the old type of chop house went out of existence it has been impossible to procure an English mutton chop that compares with those of half a century ago.

Being an old fogy, I may say I don't like the way the young women of to-day dress or deport themselves. And I don't like their smoking in public. I am aware that there were extravagances in feminine dress and masculine attire too half a century ago, but I think young women deported themselves better in my youth than now. If I had my way I would make every feminine stenographer and telephone operator dress in a simple black gown, to check extravagance in the same way that the doges of Venice made the youth of their day paint their gondolas black. It is quite true, of course, that young ladies fifty years ago wore bustles and doubled up like a kangaroo when practicing the Grecian bend, the affected walk of that day, but they comported themselves like well behaved persons on the street.

Fifty years ago we had few amusements compared with to-day. There was no tennis, no golf, no automobiles, no country clubs. But we had good theaters and better actors and actresses of the higher class. The young men played baseball then as now, and cricket, but football as we know it to-day was unknown in the country. Nearly all my companions were members of some one or other of the many boat clubs that thrived in New York and in all neighboring cities; but the young men had no nice sporting or outing clothes as now.

Half a century ago men did not confine the wearing of a silk hat to Sundays, holidays or gala occasions, but wore that type of headgear to business every day. Linen suits or a cloth coat and white duck trousers formed our costume in summer time. And I remember at the great intercollegiate boat race at Saratoga Lake, in 1874 or 1875, the proper hat was a white topper, swathed around with veiling, loose ends flying in the wind. D. G. J.

WHITESTONE, January 7.

The Winter Hills.

I know a haunt amid the hills
Where winter trumpets loud and long,
Where the gray north wind never stills
The measure of its song.

Here all the slopes are white as sleep
In its ethereal leagues controlled,
Here with fantastic steps there creep
The elfins of the cold.

Here when the red rimmed sun goes down
And dark firs stand in silhouette,
One seems to feel and see the frown
Of death, and yet—and yet—

Let but the springtime set to lip
One lyric reed and blow a call,
And how this bleak domain will slip
Its icy bond and thrall.

"There is no death!" the sap will sing;
"There is no death!" the sod will cry,
And many another voice will ring
In rapture of reply.

The sepulcher will be unsealed,
To earth's renewal found the clew,
And to man's eye will be revealed
God's miracle anew.

ELISABETH SCOLLARD.

Mirror Lore.

Scientific Explanation of Popular Superstitions.

From a book review in the New York Medical Journal.

It is natural that many such superstitions as those associated with the mirror should cluster about children, since childhood is the period when the individual passes through the narcissistic period. The many phantasies, however, which extend in other directions show clearly enough that the narcissistic stage is not completely left behind with childhood. There is the tendency of the unconscious to hold fast this early realization of the value of the self as a distinct thing, and the need, on the other hand, for the growing personality to find other objects for itself in the external world, resulting in these often apparently contradictory manifestations of the mirror phantasies which express both sides of the desire and in the taboos and the fears they evidence the conflict which the opposing tendencies engender.

The common use of the mirror in foretelling future events reveals the infantile tendency to objectivation of the inner impulses. It represents sometimes the image of the ego, a second self, or in some instances it is an objectivation of the peeping instinct of the child preserved in the unconscious under repression. The bedecking of a ruler with mirrors further illustrates this preservation of the infantile self-love, since the ruler represents the narcissistic conception of omnipotence of the self. The many customs relating to the discovery of the future mate, or otherwise associated with love, show plainly that love of an object outside of the self has as its basis the love of oneself. There is evidence here of the varying success which attends the transference over to the love of object. If the narcissistic attitude has become a fixation the object discovered in the mirror will take a negative form, a threat of death or other symbol of the regression.

There is evidence of the use of animals as transfer objects of the self, representing probably a phylogenetically closer relation between man and beast, as well as sometimes a symbolic regressive expression of the peeping instinct. The prohibitions which pertain in great number to the looking into a mirror or the use of mirrors to guard the human being from demons give the negative form of the unconscious interest, its repression, or, as the author says, speaking ethnologically, its taboo. This negative phase is evident also in the superstitions which center about the breaking of a mirror and which make it essential to cover the mirror from the dead or dying. The writer gives an interesting chapter upon the relation of the mirror and the heavenly bodies.

Reckless Taxicab Drivers.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The death of Baron Rosen as the result of being run over by a wild running taxicab again emphasizes the need of taking steps to regulate these vehicles. It is time to stop this practice of rough riding by taxicab drivers. It is one of the abuses of the greater city. H.

NEW YORK, January 7.

A Legend of Skates.

One winter morning Mercury,
Grown weary in his flight,
A moment on this earth of ours
Decided to alight.
He found himself upon a lake
With gleaming crystal floored,
Translucent as the element
In which he lately soared.

He spun across it to and fro,
He circled and he wheeled,
Entranced because so very fast
He flew with winglets heeled.
He stayed so long you sent a call
His messenger to find,
In haste to go poor Mercury left
His little wings behind.

MINNA IRVING.

The Agricultural Bloc.

Its Composition by States and in Personnel Analyzed.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Scrutiny of the Senate agricultural bloc and its members as designated in the correspondence from THE NEW YORK HERALD'S Washington Bureau discloses a number of interesting details.

The twenty-two charter members of the bloc were not recruited from eleven States but from seventeen. Five States are represented in the bloc by both their Senators. Twelve States supplied one Senator each. That is, less than one-half of the States represented cast their whole voting strength with the movement for class legislation. The five 100 per cent. bloc States are Arizona, Iowa, North Dakota, South Carolina and Wisconsin; the twelve States to whose Senators its recruiting sergeant, Tom Heflin of Alabama, spoke less persuasively are Alabama, his own State; Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon and Wyoming.

Those who have more than a casual acquaintance with the relative statesmanship of the Senate personnel will observe with interest and perhaps not without satisfaction this list of Senators not in the bloc but whose States are therein represented by their colleagues: Underwood (Ala.), Robinson (Ark.), Trammell (Fla.), Watson (Ga.), Gooding (Idaho), Broussard (La.), Bursum (N. M.), Simmons (N. C.), Hitchcock (Neb.), Owen (Okla.), Stanfield (Ore.) and Warren (Wyo.).

Other interesting speculations on the composition of the bloc are aroused by noting that from these agricultural States not a recruit was mustered in: California, Illinois, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, South Dakota and Texas; a mighty muster they make of farms, ranches, plantations, orchards and stock ranges.

Are the Senators from those States uninfluenced by offered opportunity to effect legislation demanded by a class, or do they cling to the outworn creed that the good of the whole nation is the first and highest consideration of a national legislator rather than the apparent benefit to a class which would be in fact a real hardship for the majority of the people? T. W. E.

NEW YORK, January 7.

As to Wearing Furs.

Suffering to Animals Due to Trapping in the North Woods.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: For eleven years I have been living much of the time up in the North Woods, where trapping animals for their furs is a common winter occupation. And the other day when your Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals so properly resented that wanton piece of brutality on the part of the furrier who tormented a live fox until an automobile ran over it and broke its front leg the incident appeared to me in a pathetically humorous light.

One fox had been tormented and had got a leg broken and the humane society was properly quite excited. But, please, I should like to know how many members of the society wear furs? For every fur the size of a fox worn on their bodies these members of the humane society have broken in the traps one leg at least, and in the case of fox pelts in addition a live small rabbit—usually a rabbit—will probably have been used for bait. For every small animal—skunk, squirrel, muskrat and the rest—they must count crushed bones around shoulders and neck, not always killing the animal, only gripping it in the crushing steel trap till the trapper happens to come along, and this is sometimes several days later.

And this does not count those animals fortunate enough to chew off a leg and get away. Neither does it count the dogs and cats that stray from the homes of settlers and fall into the traps.

I should like to know how many of the society's members wear furs. Then we could count the full number of broken legs to be indignant about, and it might do some real good. BELLE SILVERA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 7.

Sweet Voiced Wambold.

Ballads Encored by New York Audiences in the '60s.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The interesting and amusing controversy about David Wambold's singing or not singing "The Old Arm Chair" invites the statement of the names of the songs that I heard him sing many times in Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus's San Francisco Minstrels Theater in this city. Here are the titles of some of the songs: "Little Footsteps," "My Pretty Red Rose," "Darling Jenny," "Come, Sit by My Side, Little Darling," "Little Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming," "Oh, Sweet Be Thy Repose" and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea."

Dave Wambold's voice was extremely sweet, very light and always true. He never sang any but pretty ballads, and I remember that these were always enthusiastically encored.

At the American Theater, 444 Broadway, in 1865 and later I heard his brother Jim Wambold sing negro melodies and play an accompaniment upon the banjo. Jim's humor was abundant but his vocal abilities never approached those possessed by his brother Dave.

There may be a few left who can recall the halls and theaters on lower Broadway in the '60s. Bob Butler was manager of 444 Broadway and J. Ackerman or Amerman was treasurer and sold my schoolmates and myself ten cent admission tickets to the Saturday afternoon performances in 1865 and later. To subdue continued applause and sometimes hissing Mike Norton wielded a rattan, hitting the wooden rails, and even touching human offenders. I do not know that his activities in maintaining order guided him later on to the realm of statecraft at Albany, but not many years lapsed until the Hon. Michael Norton occupied a seat in the Senate Chamber in the Capitol of this State. C. B. THOMAS.

NEW YORK, January 7.

Four Emperors of Music.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In reference to the actors at Fred Waldman's theater in Newark kindly make the following correction: Of the Four Emperors of Music, two of the original members are still living. One, at 65, is a prosperous real estate owner; the other, at 60, is a lecturer in an up-State art museum and also derives a substantial income from real estate. FRANK RUSSELL.

NEW YORK, January 7.

Suggestion to Dry Up.

Knicker—What is your peace solution?
Bocker—Instead of scrapping the ships why not scrap the ocean?